

With The Lift Of A Cloak

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Summary: "How long I've been here, who knows, All I know is, It was meant to happen" We are held imprisoned, we don't know why. But as we are released, we will take her with us, The princess will choose her fate. Something like this cant be ignored, who is this foal, and why is she with us now? Celestia, should we take her as OUR prisoner now? Or will it all change after the memories?

1. He Sits Alone

Introduction: He sits alone

Spike sat, His scaled back hunched on the cold, rough wall. The rock-like structure scratching up against his thick scales. Spike was thoughtless in the frost-bound cell. The young dragon shivered immensely, his breath displayed swirls and heavy, ragged clouds in the musky and thin air. Clutching himself tighter, Spike wrapped himself in the rags of which were worn and slightly damp. How he wished to be back in the library in ponyville, where a warm and soft, welcoming embrace from Twilight would always be awaiting. But Spike knew better, he knew that wasn't the case. Here, he was starving, cold, and alone. Tears from earlier had dried on his face, their slight presence glistening in whatever light was there to be. He tasted salty water from his tears, he felt the nipping air, and he could only feel inside guilt. The young drake turned his frozen head slowly to the barred window. Outside, he saw rubble of stone, bats, part the infested Everfree, but no moon to keep his company. '_Of all nights for a new moon'_ his mind nagged at him. Spike hadn't seen any natural light for nearly two weeks. Drained of nearly all energy, Spikes feet wobbled, and collapsed under him. A shooting pain spiked up his legs and he hit the rocky cell floor. He clutched his stomach just as it gave a large, moan of hunger. Spike knew the only way to be fed, was if he fell asleep, for, when he woke restlessly, a small plate would appear, one just after dawn. Another right before dusk. If only he had never scarfed his first meal down so hastily, he would

have more for now. Hunger, pain, fear, and worry gnawed at him, he wondered if he would even ever see any of his loved things again?

**This was his life for now, he had no idea how long he sat in that cell, one, two months? Why did this happen to them AGAIN? Maybe he was overreacting? Was he overreacting when he thought he may never have a place to call home again? Would he always live his life in peril? **

Maybe, But one thing was for certain. Spike knew, He would never live the same way, EVER again

**AAAANNNNNDDDD THAT, was my introduction for my story, With The Lift Of A Cloak. Hope it might draw you into reading the rest! I'm just getting used to writing with my full out, and darker ways again, so it might be scratchy :P Also, if you would like to, I have been working with a friend here lately, her username is: squirpsdolphin I have been helping her in writing, her story, Fiction Becomes Reality. I play as the role of Acantha in the story, so i hope you will check that out too! {BTW its a how to train your dragon fic!} **

** Have dark nightmares with your rest!**

** _Lazer Beam**

2. Light at the end of the tunnel

**Chapter 1: Light At The End Of The Tunnel**

Empty, were the long, winding corridors. A faint ringing developed in the thin and musky air, piercing the eardrums of the young drake. Life was not an option of freedom or peace, but instead a pain and bore. Eyes flickering back and forth between the halls of the dungeon indicated no signs of pony-lifeform. Worry of loss and regret were the only real options to ponder inside of this deathtrap of a building. Spike scratched at the rocky and brittle ground, its solid and vibrant texture etched at his claws. Pulling away at the pain, Spike slammed his head on the equally discordant cell wall. Spike made a single wish, then and there. '_A light... something to free me..'_ The dragon seemed hopeless and distraught. He knew better then to make wishes at this point of time. His pains everywhere on his scales told the tale even more so. Tears began to freeze back onto his face, but the few that did manage to fall, clumsily crashed to the ground. A soft 'clink' as the ice met stone.

But to his shock, suddenly, as if a god answered his prayer, he heard it.

Faint, yet strident hoof steps beat against the floors outside of his tyrant of a cell. Spike felt the air become sharper, and he froze. Listening as the hoof-beats sounded off louder then thunder, his breath became short and nervous. Deafening, nefarious calls of a brash pace came closer, and involuntarily, retreated to a stop. A high-pitched screech broke the silence once more. Wails of broken souls cried through the rusting gates. Once the locks and latches were opened, the howl of the jail door swung open and crashed into the metal of Spike's cell door. Trying his best not to let out a yelp of scare, after jumping outright nearly out of his burning scales, he

inched his way to the door. His intensions were small, but he was desperate as to see what was happening just on the other side of the entrance-way. The other side of freedom.

For Spike, time stopped, his trail of breath vanished as words were sputtered on the other side of the the walls.

A figure, which was cloaked and nearly hidden, had gave a grimacing shove to another figure. The fall in the cell next to him made certain that the pony had tripped, possibly over their own hooves. Spike had to dive back out of sight as the door that collided into his was quickly slammed. This time he was prepared for the screams of rust. Locks were churned, and sealed. A squeak of pain rang one last time as the cell door was latched firmly into place.

A few seconds later, after the pony in the cell next to him whimpered, he heard the voice. "You-You M-M-Monster!" A familiar cry wailed in a defenceless, and breaky voice. "Why would yo-you do this to me?" The question was held out in the air, along with the silence. What seemed minutes later, the shadowed figure Spike saw previously boiled up a yell of rage and impatience.

"_How ****DARE**** thou! Thee should be thankful, it was a challenge for me to even get thou here, so I suggest to shut thy damn mouth!"

—

The drake glanced shocked, at the figure. Large white shapes, which must have been eyes, were sliced into slits. A flicker of fire danced wildly through the emptiness of the eyes. With a single motion, the angered figure abandoned the cells, taken away by a wave of darkness. Spike heard the pony in the room next to him slump down, broken sobs echoing through hallways. Choking and gasping for breath, the cries died down, and softened, leaving only Spike to hear the pain. Earlier, Spike had listened to the words of this lost pony, and at that exact voice, for the first time sense he was captured here, his ears had pricked upwards. Now here he was sitting mindlessly and guilty, as the mare next door was crying. And at that, one he knew, and he knew could comfort in any situation.

Building up a confidence, for the abandoned mare, he stood slowly and wobbly. Spike's legs hurt like crazy, from being tousled around by his fears, but he stood what he thought strongly, and attempted to squeak out a word of comfort. As the drake spoke, his throat burned, from all the icy air he had breathed those couple months. Clutching at his throat, his stinging neck on fire, he swallowed hard and spoke once more for the mare.

"R-Rarity..?"

Spike's voice rung through the halls, and the pony in the cell next to him had gone silent. "Rarity? Are you alright!?" Spike heard the sound of hoofs, raising themselves off the brittle ground. The sobbing had died down to a small case of hiccups, only occurring once in a while. Spike, getting slightly nervous from his current train wreak of emotions, he called out demandingly, yet loads of worry toned in him.

"Rarity!? Please! It's me! Spike!" lowering his voice as to avoid drawing attention to his 'pony of shadows' he waited for the mare's response, throat burning more.

"Spike? Oh, thank goodness, my Spikey-Wikey..." Rarity's voice had cracked, from a happiness and joy she had newly felt. "I thought I was alone in this...dreadful place!"

Spike sighed, relieved to hear her voice. He felt himself warm up inside, his friend, to comfort him through this...hell. "Yes, Rarity...I'm here, I've been for a while..." He felt himself smile weakly. "You have no idea how worried I was about you and the others!"

Rarity, alarmed, propped her head up fast. "Yes that's right! The others!" Glancing down the halls to look for filled cells. "Where are the others!?"

"..." Spike once again felt slightly discouraged. "You and I...Lets say we are the only ones here..." Spike then remembered something. "-On this floor! I remember Fluttershy was brought in around the same time I was, two months ago!"

"Oh, thank Celestia! I can't imagine what I would do if she was hurt and alone out there! But that leaves to question dear, what about our other friends?" Rarity waited herself, afraid of the answer in her honesty.

"Rarity, I know they will be fine! better then fine!" Thinking about his other friends put him to ease in a way, trying to sooth the unicorn next door. "AppleJack and Rainbow Dash are strong, and can fight for themselves so well, heck, those two are probably looking for us as we speak!" He suppressed a chuckle continued. "Twilight is a leader! She is head strong and knows how to handle this forest, even when it acts up, she can make it through anything! And Pinkie Pie...she's..well, Pinkie Pie! She isn't scared of this place, and can defy the laws of physics to take to her advantage!" Spike had filled himself with hope, and had passed it to Rarity, but this time 'round, it wasn't a false thought.

Rarity, for the first time in two months, smiled widely, her irises large and thoughts running smoothly. "Oh, my Spike. why would i ever doubt you? our friends will be safe and sound, we will find a way through this! You here is just what I needed! I can't say we will be able to escape this-" She stopped momentarily as to shudder. "-Dungeon... but we can find a way to be together! as friends!"

"Rarity? How do you intend on-"

"This!"

Rarity had abruptly cut him off, total change in her character from minutes previously.

"That barred window, between our cells, there is a broken bar. It would be large enough for you to climb through!"

Rarity's voice sounded so sure of herself and hopeful, Spike, despite the sharpness of those broken bars, could not abandon her spirit. He took a sigh and looked at a moulding cardboard box he left undisturbed at the far left of his cell. Pinching his nose with his claw, he walked over to it and slid it across the hard floor to the

other wall on his right.

"Okay, Rarity...I'm...I'm coming in!" Standing on the box, which basically began melting under his weight, he scrambled and leapt up at the barred window, skimming the top of his scales on his head along the roof of the small rock window. Sliding along on his soft stomach across the deathly walls was torture, these ponies who built this must have been medieval to create something so painful to be on. His arms pushing him forward, he constantly scraped his hands against the sharp, rusting metal of the bars. Bringing his hand back sharply a few times after sliding too much weight on it. Not watching the last inch of where he was sliding, he fell down, after escaping the brutal window, falling what would have been flat on his face if Miss Rarity had not supported him and caught him on her back.

"..."

"..."

Taking the shortest glance at the beautiful mare, he instantly wrapped his arms around her neck, giving her a warm hug. Without hesitation, Rarity wrapped one of her forelegs around Spike's back, returning the embrace, then letting him down. Glancing at Rarity's way, he noticed her rough appearance. Her mane and tail was much limper than its perfect curls, her cyan blue eye shadow was not there and her mascara was faded very dimly and run down her cheeks from probably weeks of weeping. Spike could only imagine he looked no better.

"My dear! Spikey! Are you alright?!" The alarm in her voice made it clear he looked like total rubbish. Irritated, but smiling he rolled his eyes.

"I'm fine, Rarity. No need to fuss over me." He noticed her eyes smile. "Come on Rarity...It's late, why don't we try to get some sleep? we can talk about this all when the sun is up...or..when we wake up..." Rarity nodded and walked slowly to a crisp blanket, which was the twin to Spike's, but hers wasn't damp and smelly.

"I must agree, it has been an awful long evening already." Throwing the blanket over herself and Spike, she snuggled under it and turned her head to Spike. "Have sweet dreams my dear..." leaning in peacefully, she kissed his cheek lovingly, then turned her head back around and closed her eyes. "Thank you." she whispered before falling into sleep as Spike stood there in complete awe. Touching his cheek tenderly with the tips of his claws, he curled into a ball next to Rarity.

"No...Thank YOU" he whispered back, and quickly fell into sleep.

* * *

><p>Spike was woken in the middle of the night to the sound of more on coming hoof steps, limping ones at that, opening his eyes, his gaze locked upon Rarity, who slept delicately. Trying his best to inch away from Rarity without waking her he stepped small steps and waited for the pony to come. after what seemed hours, the cloaked figure finally arrived, three hooves down, one lifted up and in their mouth, as if they were cut and stopping the blood. Frozen on the

spot, Spike watched as the figure laid out one single tray and disk of water on the ground, but the figure then froze upon seeing Spike. Instead of saying anything, the cloaked pony let their sight scan him, eyes narrowing after seeing him. Lowering the hoof which was in its mouth, the pony moved its forearm to motion Spike to come forward.<p>

Spike gulped, afraid of what the pony would do to him, but more scared what it would do if he DIDN'T go forward. Each agonizing and clumsy step after the other, he advanced towards the bars, looking at the pony's face. Despite the dragons horrid night vision, he could see this pony's main features. The eyes were narrowed yes, but not of anger, but of almost worry and anticipation. The dark hood of the cloak was still bringing darkness over its face, but he could squint to see the outline of a small muzzle. Great now he had made _so_ much progress in unravelling the mystery. It was a mare. She was hidden identified. And she wanted Spike. He moved ever closer until he was inches away from the bars. His legs kicking at the ground, he heard the girl take a breath.

"_Give. Me. Your. Claw! _

Her gravelly voice was deep and rockier. It alarmed Spike how different it sounded from earlier screaming, which had been more throaty and high. Slowly, hesitantly, he lifted his arm and stuck it through the bars. Quickly she swiped at his claws, taking it in her firm grip.

"...This might hurt a bit..." She whispered, the gravel of her voice gone again. Rubbing her hoof against his claw, he felt a small pain. Looking down, he saw the state of his claws, which he didn't concern earlier. From crawling through the window, he had scraped it up, and cut it on the sharpness of the actual broken bars. Orange rust had printed on his scales and gotten into his gash. Suddenly, he hurt a lot more. Holding back a few cries, he managed to get through the touching of his gash. She let go of his claw, and rummaged around in a black, stained saddle bag. Getting out a second food and water dish, she slid the four under the bars and glanced at him. Spike stared back at her cold gaze, then looked at his claws. She had wrapped his hand in a magic. It intrigued him how it was so dark, and different compared to what he's seen Twilight's. It seemed thick, and sparked with a small black lightning. She must have cleaned and and wrapped his cut, so it wouldn't be infected by the rust.

"Umm...thank you..." Spike mumbled while looking up.

But she was not there.

Spike was alone with the night.

End
file.